

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

MISS BLANCHE BICKERS HEAD THIS MONTH

And Miss Scott Next to Head—And Ever So Many Next—Look at the Junior Mail Bag.

The Key and the Box.
"What would you do," said the little key, To the teak wood box, "except for me?"

The teak-wood box gave a gentle creak To the little key; but it did not speak.

"I believe," said the key, "that I will hide In the crack down there by the chimney side."

"Just so this proud old box may see How little its worth except for me."

It was long, long afterward in the crack They found the key, and they brought it back.

And it said as it chuckled and laughed to itself, "Now, I'll be good to the box on the shelf."

Now the little key stopped with a shiver and shock, "For there was a bright new key in the lock."

And the old box said: "I am sorry you see; But the place is filled, my poor little key."

—St. Nicholas.

HERE THEY COME.

Those Who Tried for the Prizes and Those Who Won.

WE really were glad when the FIRST DAY OF NOVEMBER CAME, for we began to think we should have been buried alive under the letters from the juniors. You're a pretty crowd, upon our word, you are! Look and see.

H. C. CHAPPELL, Amelia Courthouse, GRACE WITTELL, Washington, D. C. SUE M. TODD, City.

FANNIE ORANGE, City. MAMIE B. HODGES, Buena Vista, Va. MARY BRYAN PETERS, Greensboro, N. C.

ROSE SHEPARD, Lexington, Va. LOUISE JENKINS, City. JOHN P. SCHERMEHORN, City.

SIE M. DANNER, Brookwood, Va. GEORGE E. HAZLETT, Wheeling, W. Va. THOMAS W. TAYLOR, JR., Onancock, Va.

KEFFIE SPURR, City. GRAY OULIM, City. VERNETTE TAYLOR, Taylor County Courthouse.

HALIGH DABNEY GLASS, City. LILLIAN WALSH, City. MAMIE GARNETT MCCARTY, City.

MORGAN M. DYER, Shawsville, Va. MARIE L. CRANZ, City. A. M. GARDNER, Manchester.

CLAYTON DUGGINS, City. WILLIE DIDDLEY, City. PEARL MURRAY, City.

MARY BELLE WOODFIN, City. GEORGE A. WOODY, City. WILLIE ALKIN, Manchester.

MARY C. TODD, City. FLORENCE E. MAGIN, City. ELISIE V. DEITRICH, City.

BLANCHE HICKERS, City. RUTH B. HERRING, Crewe, Va. KATHLEEN PRISTON, Abingdon, Va.

J. STRAWS, Chase City, Va. SUE, DUANE P. HUGHES, Swift Run, Va. DOLORES CHRISTIAN, City.

WINNIE MAPP, Waverly, Va. PEARLA SCOTT, City. NANNIE HUTCHINSON, Barton Heights.

FRANK G. ROCHE, Hampton, U. A. WOODY, City. WILLARD J. PEYTON, JR., City.

ALICE WOOD, Hampton, Va. ALICE TAYLOR, City. W. EMILY SCHENCK, Oak Tree, Va.

Head and Next to Head.

Miss Blanche Bickers, 49 north Twenty-seventh street, city, gets that first prize, having sent in 172 news items, beautifully read. Really, Blanche, we think we'll have to make you News Editor.

Miss Pearl Scott, city, gets the second prize, having been second best in each contest this month. Expect your prizes, girls, to-morrow, or, if you choose to expect them before, you may, but they wait until then. That's fun, you see, or do you see? Ha! Ha! Ha!

What Miss Ruth Has to Say.

Editor of The Times:
Dear Sir—My father is a reader of "The Times" and has been for many years. We all love to read it, and think it the most truthful and best paper published.

I am a little girl and have been a reader of The Times for some time, and enjoy the Children's Page very much.

Thank you, Ruth. We are sure you are a very nice little girl, or you wouldn't like The Times.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

A Queer, Changeable Fellow, Too—Child-rearable in the Moon.

Of course you have all made the acquaintance of the Man in the Moon. Last week the ruddy-faced old fellow looked out in his genial way nearly every evening, and several millions of bicycle riders were glad to see him. Even after he began to wane, the shadows darkening down his upper edge, the bit of smile which still remained in view had a merry, rollicking look that made the night more cheerful.

A queer, changeable old fellow is the Man in the Moon. If you just glance at him casually in a "good-evening-glad-to-see-you" way, he nods at you pleasantly and you are conscious of two big dark eyes, a generous nose and a wide, smiling mouth—the kind of a mouth that a boy would like when he eats watermelon.

But if you sit down and look at him very closely and wonder what he is doing up there you suddenly cease to see the big eyes and the broad nose, and behold a little, weary, bent old man toiling along with a bundle of fatigues on his back. Sometimes he appears as if by magic and you wonder where he came from. Last time people told how a certain wicked man stole a bundle of fatigues from a poor widow and left her and her little family to shiver with cold. He was condemned and sent to the moon, where he must always carry the fatigues and shiver with unceasing cold. Some one has said that he is very sorry he stole the fatigues. The shooting stars are his tears.

If once you look away from the moon the fatigues man is likely to slip around to the other side—at least that is what the old-time people say—and first think you know there is the Moon Lady. You rub your eyes—strange you never saw her before; but there she is, like a picture on a photograph button. Of all the moon people she is the most beautiful—a sweet face with every feature perfectly chiseled

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

SKETCHES FROM OLD VIRGINIA, BY A. G. BRADLEY.

Jane Austen—A Visit to Her Old Home. "Little Journeys" Series—Magazines of the Month.

SKETCHES FROM OLD VIRGINIA—By A. G. Bradley, Macmillan & Company, New York, London, & Paris.

For sale by George M. West.

All of the sketches published in this volume originally appeared in the leading periodicals, so that they do not come before the public now with the interest of entire freshness. We do not question the sincerity of Mr. Bradley's intention to paint his pictures truly, but conceding that fact, we must also say that we do not think that his efforts have been crowned with success. Putting aside this question, we think it will be generally admitted that the sketches have little literary value.

In the introduction to the sketches Mr. Bradley makes a number of statements which may easily be controverted by marshalling the records of our Historical Society, as, for instance, the following: "A legend exists among the more unimpaired circles of modern Virginia that quite a considerable portion of the population are, in some mysterious fashion, sprung from the loins of the British nobility." I only mention this as a curious and ineradicable superstition that the stranger would be quite sure to encounter frequently during a sojourn in the country. The literary columns of the Times have no space to devote to an enumeration of those facts to which, in common with the general public, Mr. Bradley has access in the shape of perfectly authenticated record, but merely to say that it seems singular that Mr. Bradley should have ventured the words "legend" and "superstition" in this connection without more diligent use of his opportunities.

LITTLE JOURNEYS TO THE HOMES OF FAMOUS WOMEN. By Elbert Hubbard (Jane Austen), 1897.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, London, 10 cents.

It is now just one hundred years since Jane Austen's first novel was finished, and vainly offered to a publisher. The anniversary is to be made the occasion for a new, complete edition of her works to be published in England. She was twenty-one years old, and called the book "First Impressions—a little later changed to the immortal Pride and Prejudice. On its completion, according to Mr. Oscar Pay Adams' life of Jane Austen (Lee and Shepard, Boston) her father was desirous of having it published immediately and wrote to a leading London publisher as follows:

"Sir—I have in my possession a manuscript novel, comprising 3 vols., about the length of Miss Burney's Evelina. As I am well aware of what consequence it is that a work of this sort should make its first appearance under a respectable name, I apply to you. I shall be much obliged, therefore, if you will inform me whether you choose to be concerned in it, what will be the expense of publishing it at the author's risk, and what you will venture to advance for the property of it, if on perusal it is approved of. Should you give any encouragement, I will send you my work."

"I am, sir, your humble servant," "JOHN AUSTEN."

"Steventon, near Overton, Hants, Nov. 1, 1797."

But the publisher declined even to read the manuscript with a view to publishing it even at the author's expense, and the book remained in limbo for sixteen years. Some and Sensibility was finished a year after Pride and Prejudice, but was the first of her books to be published after it had remained four years in the author's possession.

The October number of the pleasant Lullaby makes its appearance opportunely, and in our opinion, the most interesting of all the series thus far. Miss Austen herself is largely responsible for this fact; her wholesome and essential womanliness, so at variance with the current ideas of the "blue stockings" colors every page brightly. Mr. Hubbard touches lightly but sufficiently upon the sunny home life of the Austens; the full sympathy between parents and children; the healthy atmosphere of that English rectory. Contrasting the genius of Charlotte Bronte and Jane Austen, he is full of sympathy for the latter, and his life: "The Reverend Patrick Bronte disciplined his children. George Austen loved his."

The opposites of things are alike, and that is why the world was Jane Eyre and Jane Austen in one bundle. Their methods of work were totally different; their effects gotten in different ways. Charlotte Bronte fascinates by startling situations and highly colored lights that dance and glow, leading you in at a mad chase. There's pain, unrest, tragedy in the air. The pulse always is rapid and the tempo is high.

It is not so with Jane Austen. She is an artist in her gentleness, and the world is to-day recognizing this more and more. The stage now works its spells by her methods—without rant, cant, or tustian—and as the years go by this must be so. Jane Austen, more than mankind's face is turned toward truth.

Jane Austen was a commonplace person. She swept, sewed, worked, and did the duty that lay nearest her. She wrote because she liked to, and because it gave pleasure to others. She was well as she could. She had no thought of immortality, or that she was writing for the ages—no more than Shakespeare had. She never anticipated that Southey, Coleridge, Lamb, Guizot, and Macaulay would hail her as a marvel of insight, nor did she suspect that a woman as great as George Eliot would declare her work flawless.

NOW, SEE HERE!

THE BOOKMAN: A Literary Journal, published monthly by Dodd, Mead & Company, New York. \$2.00 per annum. 20 cents single copy, November, 1897. We have learned to expect entertainment and news from the Bookman and it has never yet disappointed us. This November number is no exception to the excellent rule which obtains in this connection, and new, miscellany, and illustrations are even in advance of the high average. Editorially it has something to say regarding Miss Molly Eliot Sewall's story—"The History of the Lady Betty Stair," as follows:

Miss Sewall's little story of the Comte d'Artois' sojourn in Elved Palace in the year 1793 is an agreeable soufflé with the slightest fruit flavour of history to enhance its bubbling sentiment and airy simplicity. Among the gentleman and ladies in waiting to Marie Therese and the future Charles X. of France, four appear picturesquely in this novelette—Lady Betty, "one of the sweetest creatures that ever lived;" the Abbe de Ronceray, who had a wonderful and disastrous capacity for keeping secrets; the arrogant scoundrel, Bastien, whom Lady Betty struck, threatening to face with her green fan, threatening to

report his kiss to the princess; and De Bourmont, who, when he was not yearning consummately to join the Vendeeans, "claimed sanctuary" from his creditors in the palace, and was on the verge of falling in love with two women at once. How Lady Betty gained the ascendancy in De Bourmont's heart, and they were victimized and separated by the editor of Bastien, we will let the reader find out for himself. Toward the end the scene shifts to Algeria, the lovers again meet on the battlefield, and an attempt is made to infuse more movement into what would otherwise merit the name of a sketch. Once, on the explosion of a shell at her feet, when she fell "bleeding from a dozen wounds," the heroine is in dire peril of extinction; but on the next page we read with a sigh of relief that after many months she is "quite well." Thus the coast is cleared for a happy, peaceful ending.

Quite well, in this respect, Miss Sewall's most pronounced literary failing. So does the sentence "She and Angus openly kissed each other quite warmly at parting." She has a little way of understatement which produces the effect of self-consciousness. In this respect, however, The History of the Lady Betty Stair is a decided improvement on The Sprightly Romance of Marzac, and in every respect a more refined piece of work. Indeed, nothing can be urged against its selection for incidents, or the texture of its descriptions, or the atmosphere of its atmosphere of delicate feeling, such as few historical romances possess.

CURRENT LITERATURE. November, 1897. Current Literature Publishing Company, Bryant Building, 35 Liberty street, New York. 25 cents.

THE COSMOPOLITAN. November, 1897. 10 cents.

For sale by George M. West.

THE TWO CAPTAINS. By W. Clark Russell. Dodd, Mead & Company, New York.

For sale by George M. West.

ELISIE AT HOME. By Martha Finley. Dodd, Mead & Company, New York.

For sale by George M. West.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DRYDWOOD. A novel, by Mrs. J. W. Miller. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, D. C. Price \$1.50.

The author of this very interesting book has for years appealed to the hearts of all women by her catalogues for the dress of Dame Fashion, who, by the restraint of custom, has made such slaves of women that they bow down in abject bondage to the inexorable laws of "trappings." In this story of social ethics she ever true to her policy, makes a strong appeal for freedom of thought and action, and by a most subtle and plausible manner of weaving the plot she irresistibly attracts and almost convinces one of the divine right of love—that transfiguring source of the deepest sweetness in human power and the greatest gift of God to man. The broad philosophy of Sir Isaac Newton, which allows all thought of self to be absorbed by the great desire for the happiness of his wife, in which he relinquishes all the sweetness and happiness of his own life with the woman he so passionately loves, in order that she may fulfill the natural desires of her nature, which admits of no philosophy higher than that of every creature's love to its kind, is a noble and unique to say the least and calls forth our sincerest admiration. Then, we find his broad interpretation of the triumphs of noble living is the key-note of the story and he also makes a most earnest appeal for the rights of divorcing stones to eternal night," as he seems fully assured that only on the plane of perfect love and companionship are men and women to be happy. The story leads the wife to all the happiness of a complete love and fulfills every desire of her heart, and

is again repeated in the experience of Almada Braydon, the daughter, thus fulfilling the promise of the new social problem; but it leaves the reader with a sigh for the deserted and a desire to appeal to the law of compensation for some visible consolation for the deserted philosopher and his disciple, David, who has also loved and relinquished the daughter.

Very true it is that the higher we advance in moral and spiritual development the more supreme will become woman's right to own herself, but a story that makes love "the highest moral consciousness" is to be handled gingerly and cautiously, for the triumph of principle over the yearning desires of the heart appeals to the noblest and best part of us. To shake the responsibilities of life in order to grasp the fuller opportunities for material advancement and happiness is not the highest aim. There is a strong analogy between the writings of Ella Wheeler Wilcox and those of J. W. Miller, especially in their appeal for unrestrained love and freedom of thought and action. Arrayed against the restraint of conventionality and the restrictions of society.

While the interest one feels while reading a book of this kind is not conclusive evidence of its excellence from a literary or moral standpoint, yet it unquestionably proves that it strongly appeals to our human desire and will hold our interest as we read it. Certain it is that J. W. Miller is not a great story teller, yet her plot touches a deep chord in the heart of every woman and is decidedly readable. Part of the story is beautiful in its tenderness and loyalty and at times strong.

The Court of Justice John.

Garfield Anderson, the negro who stands charged with the shooting of Cecil Long, a white boy, last Thursday afternoon, was in court with Mr. Smith as counsel. The case was not ready to be gone into and bail was refused and the case set for next Wednesday. Young Long was shot in the leg and is thought not to be badly hurt. He lives with his father at 309 north Second street.

George Washington is a hard-working negro bootblack. He looks upon the shining side of life as he brushes the dust away and Friday as he was standing at the corner of Broad and Seventh street calmly surveying the prospect ahead of him, he was collared by an officer for obstructing the sidewalk and the Party on the throne assessed him \$2.

E. C. Meador paid \$2 for exercising the prerogative of an American citizen by drinking of the liquid offered by a duly licensed merchant. The only trouble with R. C. was that he took too much aboard and was unable to properly steer clear of people he met along the street.

John Baker and Phillip Ellis are two negro men with a dark cloud of suspicion enveloping them. They will be allowed to the 16th instant to remove the cloud.

John Teaster, colored, is again in the toils. Drink overcame him, and he raved and swore when officers tried to subdue him and carry him out of the fallow dew. Jena couldn't raise the \$5.00 and fell back.

Miss Moss to Wed.
Cards of invitation have been issued to the marriage of Miss Lizzie S. Moss, of Matthews, to Mr. Charles E. Miller, of Smithville, Va., to take place at the home of her grand parents, 306 east Broad street, on November 24th.

The Mantle Case.
The Sunday excursion trains for Petersburg have been discontinued. The first train for Petersburg Sunday leaves Richmond at 9 A. M.

Travel to Petersburg.
The Sunday excursion trains for Petersburg have been discontinued. The first train for Petersburg Sunday leaves Richmond at 9 A. M.

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N.W. Bowe Treas.

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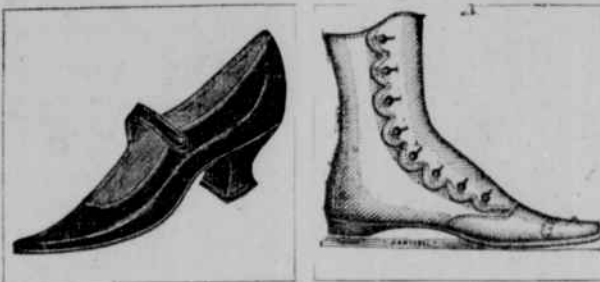
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NORTH CAROLINA SYNOD.

MONEY RAISED TO FURNISH THE ORPHAN'S HOME.

Synodical Home Missions—An Address by a Missionary to Japan—Rev. A. J. McKelway Re-Elected Superintendent.

SALISBURY, N. C., Nov. 5.—Special.—The third day of the Synod was a most pleasant and interesting one. According to the plan arranged by the Board of Regents of the Barton Springs Orphan's Home, the Synod convened at the home at 11 o'clock A. M., after a delightful trip on a special train from Salisbury, bearing some three hundred or more people.

There were delegations also from Statesville, Charlotte, and Davidson College.

An interesting programme had been arranged, and was followed substantially as follows: Rev. R. W. Boyd, superintendent of the Orphan's Home, made an address of welcome to the Synod, assisted in the auditorium of the Centre building. He was followed by a song delightfully rendered by about a dozen of the children of the home.

PRESENTED TO THE SYNOD.
Dr. J. Rump, pastor of the First Presbyterian church in Salisbury, and president of the Board of Regents of the Orphan's Home, made a verbal report, presenting to the Synod of North Carolina the new building just completed. The Synod accepted the building, and, on motion, named it Rump Hall, in recognition of the earnest labors of Dr. Rump, in behalf of the home.

There was an interesting and beautiful address by Rev. J. M. Rose, D. D., of Morganton, on "The Church's Duty to Her Orphan Children," the dedicatory prayer was offered by Dr. Shorer. Next Rev. W. P. Jacobs, D. D., president of the Thomsen Orphanage, made an address of welcome to the Synod, and gave an earnest, practical address on general orphanage work.

REVENUE SUBSCRIPTION.
Rev. C. G. Vardell then took the floor and in a little while raised subscriptions to the amount of \$25, to furnish entire the building just dedicated.

At this point, one of the most thoroughly enjoyable features of the day—a beautiful lunch by the ladies of Salisbury, spread in the hall of the new building.

After a short session of the Synod, to hear an interesting address by Rev. S. P. Fulton, one of the ministers of the Church to Japan, and now on his way to this country, the excursionists, delighted with the day and the orphanage, returned to Salisbury, when the work of the Synod and Presbyteries (by called meetings) was continued.

The evening sessions resumed the business of the Synod in the beautiful auditorium of the Presbyterian Church. The evening was devoted to Synodical Home Missions. Brief addresses were made by Revs. William Black E. E. Gillespie, E. Mac Davis, and J. B. Morton, and the report of the superintendent, Mr. McKelway, was adopted.

Mr. McKelway was unanimously elected superintendent of Home Missions for the coming year.

After a brief address by Rev. G. B. Strickler, D. D., bringing greetings from the Union Theological Seminary of Virginia, the Synod was adjourned by Dr. P. H. Hogt, of Wilmington.

AN ELECTION MURDER.

Fatal Termination of an Old Grudge—Two Good Men Gone.

GLAESBORO, Va., Nov. 5.—(Special.)—At the New Year election day Harvey Sutphin shot and instantly killed a young man by the name of Montgomery. The parties were both Republicans and the killing was the result of an old grudge.

Mosses, Jon, and William Quisenberry, brothers, both died in a few days of the

same date last week. They were both good men.

The farmers are still sowing wheat and rye in this county.

The mills, fences, and bridges that were washed away or damaged by the recent terrible freshet have mostly been rebuilt and repaired.

WILLIAMSBURG AFFAIRS.

Council to Defend a Suit for Damages—Coming Municipal Election.

WILLIAMSBURG, Va., Nov. 5.—Special.—The City Council decided to employ counsel to defend the suit of John A. W. Jones against the city, for \$20,000 damages, for injuries received on the sidewalks by being run into by a bicycle.

The Committee on Light have not given up the effort to secure electric light for Williamsburg, but will put forth renewed effort.

The "Chrysanthemum Show," which is being given by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Episcopal Church, opened this afternoon at 4:30, and continued till 10 o'clock to-night. The "Japanese" booth was presided over by Mrs. Dr. Moncreaf; the "Junior Auxiliary" by Mrs. Dr. Van der ret; the "Confederate" by Mrs. Dr. Hanks and Mrs. Virginia Christian; the "William and Mary" booth by Mrs. W. T. Roberts, Mrs. Mary E. Neal, Mrs. N. L. Henley, and Mrs. W. C. Johnston. The booths were profusely decorated with every variety of chrysanthemums, and presented a beautiful appearance. A large crowd is in attendance.

The contest between Hon. Sydney Smith and Robert T. Armistead, Esq., for judge of the courts of Williamsburg, James J. York, promises to be very warm. Petitions are being circulated.

Now that the fall elections are over, the local politicians are looking forward to the spring elections, when Williamsburg will choose a Mayor and Council. A Sergeant and Commissioner of the Revenue. Hon. John L. Mercer will be the usual choice of the Democrats for re-election to the Mayoralty, and City Sergeant Billy Spencer will have a walk-over for the sergeantcy. All the present councilmen will be renominated, if they will agree to serve another term. The Council is composed of some of the best business men of the city, and have many splendid officials. Commissioners of the Revenue T. D. Saunders, I am told, will have opposition for the nomination.

The Peninsula Bank will soon have plans ready for the handsome brick building the management proposes to erect on Main street.

Transfers of Real Estate.

Richmond: Jane M. Harvey, Thomas N. Jones, Charles E. Jones, and their wives to Frank W. Cunningham, 12 lots on cross street between Guinea creek and Williamsburg avenue, \$5.

Chewning, Edward S. Rose and their wives to Caroline Brooks, 50 feet on south side Winston street, corner Gerry, \$10.

Stern and wife to Jane E. Kirby, 20 feet on north side Graham street, 12 feet east of Fern, and 9 feet on north side Graham street, 20 feet east of Marshall, \$5.

Prompt Payment.

Mr. Washington Tyler, who died on October 9th, was a member of McCarthy Council, Royal Arcanum, and held a \$3,000 policy on his life. The beneficiary, Mrs. Jennie R. Willis, being absent from the city, the papers were not turned in until October 22d. Just two weeks later, Friday, the money was paid over to Mrs. Willis.

Mr. Sonoma Re-elected.

Mr. N. Sonoma, of this city, was re-elected unanimously to fill his old office of general secretary of Columbian Federation of Italian Societies, at their convention in Chicago, on the 9th of October. This federation was organized in 1893 with 28 branches, and have at present 72 branches, with a membership of 8,000. The object of this federation is mutual assistance.